

Circle II Circle "F.O.S."

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Waiting for a chance
Like a fallen angel
That's been lost among the sands
In an hourglass of illusion
It's a momentary lapse
Of concentration that I had
As I slip into this world of darkness
Searching with my
Searching with my hands
Madness starts to play
Fills my mind with images too horrible to say
Scenes so real and twisted
Are they temporary thoughts
To disappear when I awake?
Or are they soon to be realities
That I must undertake
Once again
Walking the fields of sorrow
Toward the horizon I go
Staring alone inside the night
Darkness throws it's blackest light
Candles burning heading out of sight
Walking the fields of sorrow
My eyes black as coal
They hold the answers to the cries
That I'm holding here inside
One more thing to make me lose my mind
Think fast in the heat of the moment
He speaks but the words seem stolen
He tells me of lives he's broken
Now he's giving me a fair warning
Turn and run but my legs take me nowhere
Paralyzed by his cold-ass death stare
He wants to bargain for my soul
In this game I've lost all control
I wake and find I'm alone
Sweat in the cold morning air
Some kind of twisted delusions
Are they really there inside?
One more thing to make me lose my mind
I can't recall the things that I've seen
It's a loss inside my memory

I'm sure my visions will return
To hell with the devil watch him burn
Spent time in a dream with the insane
For now I seem to have escaped
From the spell that's been cast upon me
For now my soul is set free
From the cold
Before I go
Before I wander far
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